THE

INVINCIBLE ISLAND;

A

POEM:

WITH

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE PRESENT WAR.

BY

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

The DOUGLAS, and the HOTSPUR, BOTH together,
Are confident against THE WORLD in arms. SHAKESPEARE.

London:

PRINTED FOR W. CLARKE, NO. 38, NEW BOND-STREET; AND SOLD BY
F. AND C. RIVINGTON, NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

1797.

[Price Two Shillings.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

OF the merit of the following Poem the Reader muſt judge. But I ſhould ſuppoſe that every diſcerning reader will have no doubt that it was written with an ardent ſincerity; that it flowed from the heart;——

Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to it's fires.

I wrote it, likewiſe, from the calm, and deliberate principle of duty. There was a time, when poetry, from various reaſons, was of more importance than it is, at preſent, in ENGLAND. There are, however, many, very many cultivated, and elegant minds, in this country; and in *ſuch* minds, true poetry will always make a warm, and deep impreſſion. I think it the

peculiar

peculiar duty of all his Majeſty's liege and good ſubjects, to contribute, with their beſt ability, to the ſucceſs of the common cauſe, at *this* juncture; when the very exiſtence of our conſtitution, and of ~~our ſtate~~, is inſolently, and impiouſly threatened, by an abandoned, and ferocious enemy.

N. B. Since this Poem was written, Mr. Fox has again exerted his talents in the Houſe of Commons. I have not thought it neceſſary to make any alterations on that account: I am ſorry to find that the late tendency of his eloquence has not ſuperſeded my ardent wiſhes, and reſpectful appeal to his beſt ſentiments.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

THE arbitrary, and violent rulers of the FRENCH nation have always been intent on general invaſion, and tyranny. To this object they have been invariably attached ever ſince the abolition of their old monarchy; and in the proſecution of it they have been invariably conſiſtent. Their decree of the 19th of November 1792, contained a formal declaration, *to extend univerſally their new principles of government*; *and to encourage revolt in all countries*; *even in thoſe which were neutral.* In the decree of December the 15th, of the ſame year, they completely avowed their intentions: they declared that *the* FRENCH *nation would treat as enemies the people, who, refuſing, or renouncing liberty, and equality, ſhould be deſirous of preſerving their Prince, and privileged caſts; or of entering into an accommodation with them.* As theſe decrees directly, and rudely violated the law of nations; as they were totally in-

compatible with the elements of that policy which teaches one ſtate properly to reſpect another; they declared, in fact, that the FRENCH nation had determined to be the tyrants of EUROPE. In theſe declarations, indeed, the folly of the FRENCH rulers (a folly very natural to upſtart, and ignorant power) was equal to it's inſolence: and in conſequence of theſe declarations, if all the other ſtates of EUROPE had been wiſe; if they had been more influenced by common ſenſe than by inferiour paſſions, and perſuits; and by an unfortunate negligence; they would immediately have declared war againſt FRANCE. Their actions very ſoon fulfilled their threats, as they related to *us*, and to our *neighbours:* they robbed the Emperour, and the King of SARDINIA, of their lawful territories; and they invaded our allies, whom afterwards they ſubjugated. Theſe inſolent decrees were publiſhed; and theſe hoſtilities were committed, before the commencement of the war between GREAT BRITAIN, and FRANCE.

All this atrocious conduct the ENGLISH government bore with unexampled patience, and moderation; which we might be inclined ſeverely to charge with imprudence; if they had not been preſerved, from the moſt amiable motives; to ſpare the effuſion

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of human blood; and the other unavoidable, and complicated evils of war. While they proceeded in this manner, they received not from *us*, one real provocation; one juſt cauſe of a proclaimed, and deciſive reſentment; as is evident even in the defence of their minute, induſtrious, and popular * advocate. Indeed we had taken a very ſerious, and well-grounded alarm: we were calling forth the ſpirit, and the vigour of our country; we were preparing for the national defence; when a torrent of anarchy, and rapacity, menaced the inundation of the world. Our neceſſary preparations, however, after all *their* impudent encroachments, they made a pretext for doing what they *would* have done, at all events: they declared war againſt GREAT BRITAIN, and HOLLAND. Thus the war was, on *our* part, avoided, with the utmoſt care; and thus, on *our* part, it became unavoidable.

To ſhow, by another inſtance, the fixed, and licentious views of theſe robbers, it will be proper here to refer to a letter of MONGE, their ſecretary of the marine department; when his maſters had the modeſty to inſiſt that we ſhould put a ſtop to the augmentation of our navy. In that letter he an-

* MR. ERSKINE.

nounced *the intentions of* FRANCE *to fly to the aid of the* ENGLISH *republicans; to plant in our iſland the tree of liberty; and to deſtroy the tyranny of the* BRITISH *government.*

Theſe facts are well known; and they have been more ably urged than *I* can pretend to enforce them; but the preſent criſis demands that they ſhould be brought again to univerſal recollection; and kept in warm, and uſeful remembrance. No government ever ſhowed a ſtronger diſpoſition to peace than has been evinced by *ours*; before hoſtilities began, and during their progreſs: no government was ever driven to war by a more over-ruling, and imperious neceſſity. Mr. ERSKINE himſelf explicitly reprobates the prominent features of FRENCH deformity: he acknowledges that we might juſtly have made the decrees which I have quoted, *the inſtant foundations of war.* It is impoſſible for *me* not to think that this very acknowledgement gives a mortal ſtab to all his charges againſt the miniſter, on the ſubject of the war. Indeed, I would not wiſh for a more clear, and ſatisfactory vindication of Mr. PITT's conduct, as a miniſter, than this gentleman's "View of the Cauſes, and Conſequences of the preſent War;"—if it is read by an unprejudiced and penetrating mind. When a pamphlet,

pamphlet, written by a man of eminent talents, who is warmly attached to his cauſe; and who has eaſy acceſs to all uſeful, and important information, is far from effecting it's aim; if all the topicks, and arguments that he can poſſibly muſter, of defence, on the one ſide, and of accuſation, on the other, are ſophiſtical, or weak; the fair deduction from them, collectively taken, almoſt amounts to an abſolute acquittal of the perſon who is accuſed. Let me produce a ſhort ſpecimen of his doctrines: *We ſhould have obſerved a prudent, and armed neutrality.*—In another place;—*we ſhould have obſerved a ſoothing neutrality.* —*We ſhould have interfered with Auſtria*;—to prevent her from repelling FRENCH invaſion:—and *we ſhould have protected the* FRENCH *republick.* All this timorous, undecided, pernicious caution we ſhould have practiſed; all this irregular; unprecedented, and deſperate conduct we ſhould have perſued; in favour of an old, inveterate, and perfidious enemy; who was now grown to a many-headed hydra, that threatened the deſtruction of EUROPE. He profeſſes a great, and tender regard for religion; and he is a zealous, and indefatigable advocate for thoſe men who are at war, not only with all religion; but with all morality; both in their theory, and in their lives.

It is much to be regretted that this gentleman, when he took the field of the ſtateſman, ſhould have ſo far deſcended to the patron of a bad cauſe, or even to the moſt credulous reader of a newſpaper, as to urge againſt our adminiſtration the falſe profeſſions, and explanations of LE BRUN, and CHAUVELIN, when they were charged with their imperious and iniquitous decrees; and with their unprovoked invaſion of the territories of their neighbours. Need I remind Mr. ERSKINE, that it is perfectly agreeable to the habits of more decent diplomatical perſons than thoſe of republican FRANCE, to be prepared, at any juncture, to tell a varniſhed, and empty tale; to gain time to mature their ſchemes of perfidy, and ambition? Unrepealed decrees; and the retention of invaded domains, gave a direct lie to their equitable profeſſions, and ſpecious explanations: and I cannot believe that Mr. ERSKINE *ſeriouſly* thought them worthy of the leaſt regard.

If he wrote the pamphlet which hath ſpread ſo far, and wide, from his *real* conviction of the general rectitude, and greatneſs of the FRENCH conduct; on which he has beſtowed the moſt laviſh, and preposterous encomiums; if he is conſcious that no particle of envy, and diſlike of ſuperiour power, and

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ſuperiour talents, blended itſelf with his better ſentiments while he wrote it (and I hope that he feels this conſciouſneſs) if his mind was thus actuated, and thus pure, while it was employed on his late production; I ſhould be equally ungenerous, and abſurd, if I meant to depreciate his learning; his eloquence; and his fame, as a barriſter: but I muſt take the honeſt liberty to obſerve that he hath ſhown himſelf by no means an adept in political * knowledge.

As the pamphlet to which I allude was written by a mind which was naturally ardent, and ſufficiently heated; I was likewiſe ſurprized at it's weakneſs, as a compoſition. When I view it on the whole, it prompts me to make ſome remarks which may be particularly uſeful in theſe times; when the boldeſt, and moſt deſtructive principles are induſtriouſly, and artfully propagated. Not even the great abilities of an authour, nor the excellence of his cauſe, will always, of themſelves, produce the circulation, and popularity of his book. His particular ſtation in the com-

* I ſhall ever bear a grateful, and reſpectful remembrance of Mr. ERSKINE's polite attention to *me*, in two or three inſtances; therefore by the great importance of my ſubject, I am *painfully* obliged to animadvert on what he has written.

munity;

munity; the propitious gale with which fortune has blown him along, in life; and ſome prevailing errour, or epidemical infatuation, will more powerfully promote his literary ſucceſs. The majority of the publick are echoes of opinion; for they are ſuperficial in thought. They ſit down to read; haſtily anticipating their own approbation, or diſlike of the performance: their little inſtinctive perceptions flow in uniſon with a merely flowing ſtyle: but when they come to the authour's blaze of GALLICK oratory; to his *rights of man*; to his *liberty, and equality*; to his *patriotick valour*; and *glorious atchievements*; the intellectual ſpell is then compleated; and it uſurps the citadel which nature meant for the ſeat of underſtanding.

We ſhall likewiſe be prepared to avoid perplexity, and to form a right judgement on various objects, if we properly conſider the novelty of the cauſes, and conſequences of the FRENCH Revolution; a novelty, not only to the time, and quarter of the world, in which *we* live; but through all countries, and all ages. This novelty conſiſts of ſuch a diverſity, and complication of motives, actions, and events; that they give a wide, and curious play to deſigning, and ingenious ſophiſtry; and enable it the more effec-

tually to miſlead honeſt, and good minds, of common cultivation, and abilities, by it's artifice, and impoſition. This almoſt infinitely ramified, and complex novelty ought likewiſe to temper our judgement of the conduct of thoſe to whom the ſupreme power of the ſtate is entruſted; a power, even in the moſt tranquil, and ſerene times, of arduous exerciſe, and beneficence; if we deſerve the name of men; if we are properly conſcious of our own infirmity, and fallibility; and of the infirmity, and fallibility of human nature. We ought to give the moſt lenient conſtruction to any errour which a great miniſter may commit; and the warmeſt tribute of eſteem, and praiſe, to his provident, and indefatigable application; and to his more ſplendid, and glorious exertions.

If all the cauſes, natural, and elaborate, which I have mentioned, had not co-operated to confound the ſimple diſtinctions of right, and wrong; a page or two might have perſpicuouſly eſtabliſhed the neceſſity of our preſent war with FRANCE.

I have proved, by an induction of facts, that before the commencement of the war, the rulers of that country treated us, in their threatening, and domi-

neering language, with an oſtentatious inſolence; not leſs domineering, and iniquitous than that which they now exhibit. But their views were not confined to *our* iſland: they declared themſelves the arbiters of mankind; the future maſters of the world. They were certainly deſtitute of the only title to univerſal empire which the ROMANS could alledge; and which is, of itſelf, a very inſufficient, a very groundleſs title;—Dignity of character, and conduct. Their actions have correſponded with their threats; before the war, they invaded our allies; an outrage on the law of nations, which has always amounted to a declaration of war, till the late revolution of ideas as well as of eſtabliſhed inſtitutions; till thoſe doctrines were induſtriouſly diffuſed, which are evidently calculated to ſubvert all ſalutary political, and moral truth. But their inroads, like their menaces, were not limited to our allies; they have ſeized the territories of other ſtates, without the ſhadow of an equitable claim: ſome they have ſubjugated by the dread of a lawleſs, and deſolating power; and theſe victims to the moſt humiliating of all tyrannies, with an effrontery peculiar to themſelves, they have termed their allies; the inſolent mockery of ſervitude; and the inimitably tranſparent veil of oppreſſion.

By

By the depredations, and enormouſly extended dominions of theſe robbers, the balance of power in EUROPE hath received a terrible concuſſion: by repelling their unbounded ſpirit of uſurpation; by confining them within their own limits, it can only be reſtored. At preſent, we cannot hope to realize the latter object; but let our utmoſt exertions be directed to favour it's completion. Indeed this momentous balance hath been, as it were, the axis on which the plans, and memorials of the wiſeſt, and moſt venerable ſtateſmen have always moved: it's importance is ſo ſtriking that it muſt be clearly ſeen by common ſenſe, and obſervation.

It has been demonſtrated to EUROPE that their late farce of negotiation was a compoſition of unexampled perfidy, and inſult. When we conſider the negotiation in it's whole extent, it is one of the many proofs that *their* cabinet is treacherous, and unfeeling; and that *ours* is honeſt, and humane. If we had aſſented to their exorbitant, and monſtrous preliminary condition; in the moment of our aſſent, we ſhould have acknowledged ourſelves what we really muſt have been;—THE SLAVES OF FRANCE.

Theſe numerous, and inſatiable banditti; who are under no controul of conſcience; of law; or of religion; have, now, publickly, and repeatedly declared (what, indeed, made the ſubſtance of two of their decrees, five years ago) that they are determined to invade, and conquer us; and like true ROMAN conquerours *; like ſo many FABII, CATOS, and CINCINNATI; to give us mild, and ſalutary laws; to regenerate, with *their* pure ſpirit, *our* depraved hearts; and to infuſe into them publick, and private virtue. In ſhort, they have reſolved (I am now faithfully tranſlating their FRENCH bombaſt) to deſtroy our excellent conſtitution in church, and ſtate; to diſpoſe of our properties, at their own capricious will; and to ſubſtitute for *our* invaluable civil, and religious bleſſings, the profligacy, and the anarchy of FRANCE. They will not be able to effect what they threaten, unleſs we are fatally divided at home: but by *ſuch* diviſion, I truſt that BRITAIN (when the exiſtence of our country, in the *beſt* ſenſe of the word, is the object

* The ancient ROMANS were milder maſters than their all-ſubduing modern ſucceſſours; to the ſtates which *they* had conquered, they continued the enjoyment of their own form of government, and of their laws, and privileges: they never interpoſed the ROMAN polity, or juriſprudence, but where either evidently promoted the publick good.

of

of the conteſt) will never fall. IF WE ARE UNITED, WE ARE INVINCIBLE.

From theſe unqueſtionable facts, which I have been careful juſtly to ſtate, it ſurely muſt be evident to every diſpaſſionate, and diſcerning judge, that we cannot, with a particle of reaſon, impute the calamities of this war to our great Miniſter (if ever a miniſter deſerved the epithet) but to thoſe unprincipled, and ſanguinary men, who have obſtinately refuſed our candid, generous, and repeated offers of peace; and whom we may, therefore, properly pronounce, the murderers of the human ſpecies; a nation of ROBESPIERRES. Ever ſince they broke looſe from all political reſtraints, their conduct to GREAT BRITAIN has been founded on the maxim which has lately been proclaimed to the world by MONGE, their ſenator, and ſtone-cutter; that *the two ſtates could not co-exiſt; and that the one muſt be ſubdued, and ſubjected by the other.* With people of *ſuch* tenets; to which, with a long, and unrelenting implacability, they have adhered in practice, it was impoſſible to avoid a war. To *us* the war was neceſſary; to EUROPE it was friendly; for if *we* had not checked the FRENCH torrent of invaſion, it would have ſpread more deſtructively over *our* diviſion of the globe.

Surely, every ENGLISHMAN, who deſerves that diſtinguiſhing appellation, in the annals of liberty; when he has taken a proper view of all theſe objects; will be more eaſily prepared to ſacrifice his property, and his life, than to ſuffer the Directory of FRANCE to be his ſovereigns, and dictators. If any ſubject of BRITAIN is, at *this* juncture, an advocate for theſe unparalleled uſurpers; if he will not co-operate with government, and with his utmoſt ability, to repell their inſolence, and injuſtice; *one*, of *three* reaſons muſt be aſſigned for his indifference, or hoſtile diſpoſition to the publick welfare. His intellect muſt be very weak; or it muſt be extremely infected, and debilitated, with that FRENCH poiſon, which, in various vehicles, has been moſt induſtriouſly diſſeminated over the world; or it muſt be intoxicated with an immoral, and inordinate ambition. From one, at leaſt, of theſe cauſes, his miſconduct muſt originate: if I could poſſibly diſcover any one more honourable, I would willingly produce it. My mind is, at preſent, too ſtrongly actuated by objects of the moſt important magnitude, to deſcend to little prejudices, and paſſions. There are men who reject opinions which are very dear to *me*, whom I love, and eſteem. 'Tis true, I have applied terms of the moſt explicit reprobation to the FRENCH enormities;

not

not becauſe they had over-heated my fancy; but becauſe I was ſatisfied that thoſe terms were juſt. When we communicate to the world truths of the greateſt moment, we ſhould not emaſculate them with a falſe delicacy; with a vague, and indiſcriminate politeneſs; we ought to convey thoſe truths in words as commenſurate as poſſible, with their ideas. At this hour of retirement, and thought, I know that I am deeply intereſted, and impreſſed, only with the love of my country; and with my abhorrence of all tyranny. And it is not in the nature of the ſentiments which are excited by *theſe* principles, to take a partial and illiberal direction. We ſhould all give our ſerious, and unprejudiced attention to make the preſent times, with a *better* meaning than that of a profligate, and contemptible ſcribbler,—THE AGE OF REASON.

THE

INVINCIBLE ISLAND.

CAN all the mind's fertility pourtray
Man's pride, and madneſs, on ſome future day!
FRANCE, governed long by abſolute command;
Formed to convulſe, but not to rule a land;
FRANCE, that hath left no path of crimes untrod;
Foe to all virtue; even at war with GOD!
Whom ſlaves, before, whom tyrants, now, we find;
(The natural progreſs of the human mind!)
FRANCE, (have I lived theſe monſtrous times to ſee!)
FRANCE is to teach BRITANNIA to be free!

Iſland of bliſs! renowned for laurels won!
Accept this ardent ſervice of thy ſon!
While at this awfully momentous time;
Alike unparalleled in proſe, and rhyme,
Others with civick wreaths crown every hour,
More bleſſed with wealth, or ſtrengthened more with power;
Poets can only add a ſprig of bay;
Poets can only give their zealous lay!
Oh! were my muſe as warm as my deſires;
Were her flame equal to my patriot fires;
Fine coruſcations, darting from my page,
Haply might ſtimulate the generous rage
That glows in every BRITISH, free-born ſoul;
While GALLIA threats *her* inſolent controul!

Jealous of Liberty's, of Glory's plan,
Muſt *we* be victims to thoſe apes of man!
NEVER!—All ENGLISHMEN their SHAKESPEARE know;
To bards 'tis given in prophecy to flow;
SHAKESPEARE, the jeſt of every GALLICK fool;
Echoes of FERNEY's ſuperficial ſchool;

Who think all genius by their own ſurpaſſed;
Whoſe verſe is rhyme; whoſe eloquence, bombaſt:—
ENGLAND her SHAKESPEARE knows; but what ſays
he?
Like brethren let our iſland but agree;
The dauntleſs HOTSPUR, and the DOUGLAS, joined,
In uniſon of wealth; of heart; of mind;
Will win the god who drives the crimſon car;
And wage againſt the *world* ſucceſsful war.
Then by the gallant SCOTTISH ghoſts I ſwear,
Bleſt with the fragrance of ELYSIAN air;
Who ruſhed impetuous on the patriot's doom;
Repelling from their land ambitious ROME!
Nay (for no obſtinate, mean hate, I know,
To union ſummoned by the common foe)
I ſwear by thoſe who fell at FLODDEN's field;
With hearts that knew to conquer, not to yield;—
And by our ENGLISH ghoſts; the glorious dead;
Who at famed AGINCOURT, and CRESSY, bled;
If we obey the maxim of our ſeer;
A poet; prophet; politician, here;

Life's current ſtill ſhall prove, in BRITISH blood,
Of valour an inſuperable flood;
Still other MARLBOROUGHS; other WOLFES ſhall riſe;
To glad a nation's hearts; a nation's eyes;
Again their thunder, with juſt vengeance, hurled,
By land, ſhall cruſh the robbers of the world;
While HAWKES, and HOWES; and DUNCANS, on the main,
Impurple NEPTUNE's realm with FRENCHMEN ſlain:
With murmur flits each melancholy ghoſt;
Curſing it's dreams of treading ENGLAND's coaſt.

But while my mind approves; admires; reveres
The hand intrepid that our veſſel ſteers;—
Not with FRENCH rant; with ENGLISH firmneſs braves
Meteors of anarchy, and faction's waves;
While I revere each patron of the ſtate;
Let me not claſs too low the poet's fate.
Poets give grace, and energy to mind;
And ſpeed the noble paſſions of mankind.

PIN-

PINDAR in THEBAN boſoms lighted flames,
To pant for glory at OLYMPIA's games;
And to deſerve their country's beauteous dames.
The bard, TYRTÆUS, with his patriot ſong,
Raiſed from deſpair the liſtening SPARTAN throng;
Taught their chilled hearts with ancient heat to glow;
And drove their arms, in thunder, on the foe.
For his firſt pleaſure of nocturnal hours,
Young AMMON, bleſt with ardent mental powers,
Cloſe to his conquering ſword the ILIAD laid,
Invoking HOMER's venerable ſhade:
The god-like ſtrain he read with ſleepleſs eyes;
And fired his ſoul with verſe, to great emprize.

Oh! then, might DRYDEN's muſe my numbers fire;
His eaſy force; his eloquence inſpire;
Give all his fervour to my vigorous line;
" His long, majeſtick march, and energy divine*;"
Which multiplied BRITANNIA's naval balls;
And drove them home, through HOLLAND's oaken walls;

* POPE.

Or

Or would our POPE's more cultivated muſe;
Whoſe graceful robe floats with celeſtial hues;
Tune in my raviſhed ears *his* golden ſtrain,
That urged our cannon on the pride of SPAIN;
By powers poetick I might, then, regain
A loyal phalanx from Sedition's train;
Thoſe powers would clear their intellectual ſight
From democratick fogs of Stygian night:——
Yes; loyal to the code of publick ſway,
Praiſed in the ſage's proſe; the poet's lay;
That equal code which MONTESQUIEU admires;
Which warms HELVETIUS with the pureſt fires.
Bleſt pair! while two ſuch FRENCHMEN plead our cauſe,
How ENGLAND feels her ſalutary laws!
Your country's glory, while ſhe valued fame;
Now, in her SCYTHIAN ſtate, your country's ſhame!

Would but *one* ſpirit of the mighty dead
His heat benign on his admirer ſhed;
Would BURKE, who gave us poetry in proſe,
While ſtrength of argument collateral flows;

With

With great ſuggeſtions fill *my* poorer breaſt;
'Twould then, with glorious agitation bleſt,
Congenial ſenſe, and imagery produce,
Of private rapture, and of publick uſe.—
Transfuſe *his* fervid æther to my line;
The coyneſs I could bear of all the Nine.
Oh! come; to man diſpoſed for ever well;
People with PLATO's forms my lonely cell;
Thoſe forms, in eloquence by thee conveyed;
In thy melliſluous ſtyle, celeſtial ſhade!
A ſplendid world of poetry would ſhow;
And with more muſick teach my verſe to flow;
Come, then; to letters warmly ſtill inclined;
Enrich my fancy, and inform my mind!

When freed from low perſuits, our minds attend;
Each moral poet is his country's friend:
'Tis true, the precepts glide; they *ſoftly* ſteal,
But *ſurely*, to the maſs of publick weal.
The favourites of the muſe, with fine controul;
With force delightful, draw the captive ſoul;

Suf-

Suffuſe all moral truth with charming grace;
And puſh the virtues of the human race;
Their own they puſh; intent on high renown,
They feel not, while the Nine their temples crown,
Envy's mean arts, nor Pride's preſumptuous frown.

Would Heaven's omnipotence on *me* beſtow
Thoſe powers which in poetick ſtory flow;
Which fiery ſouls could with it's magick tame;
And change the paſſions of the human frame;
Then ſhould my country ſoon poſſeſs, combined,
All her dread force of matter, and of mind:
To matter, powerleſs to deſtroy, or ſave;
"The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave*;"
All act; all energy, by mind is given;
That emanation from the throne of heaven!
Our earth were dead; our ſun; our days; our years;
Unleſs a God for ever wheeled the ſpheres;
Then let two god-like minds no longer jar;
But drive, in harmony, the ſtorm of war!

* Milton.

When

When Eloquence's bright, reſiſtleſs flood,
Shall roll, united, for your country's good;
When ſhe ſhall hear you plead her urgent cauſe,
With ardent concord, of endangered laws;
Of property; of life; of all that's dear;
Of all that moves the ſmile; or draws the tear;
The force electrick ſhall pervade our iſle;
The queen of nations ſhall reſume her ſmile:—
Hear!—by the miſer's vote the war ſupplied;
See! cowards pant to die as BURGESS died!
Who can each powerful ſtimulus withſtand;
When *Robbers* threaten; and when YOU command?
Well pleaſed, though proſtrate, falls poetick pride;
By Oratory's pathos far outvied:—
But let my verſe with ſtronger intereſt flow;—
By *your* exertions proſtrate falls the foe!

Of all the talents that from heaven we ſhare,
We find the firſt-rate orator's moſt rare.
In ancient times, two commonwealths were bleſt,
Each, with one genius, of theſe powers poſſeſſed;

The firſt, in ATHENS, lengthened Freedom's date;
Her drooping life, in a degenerate ſtate:
The next (great victim to a tyrant's doom!)
Repelled deſtruction from majeſtick ROME!—
Two firſt-rate orators in BRITAIN live;
(Such glories can *her* conſtitution give!)——
If, then, in former governments, *one* ſage,
By HERMES fired, could vanquiſh hoſtile rage;
Sure, two ſuch patriots may preſerve our own;
Secure our ſenate, and protect our throne.

Thou orator! whoſe praiſe would ſpeed my muſe;
Her numbers poliſh, and expand her views;
Whoſe ſocial character I love; whoſe fire,
Pregnant with ſplendid genius, I admire;
Forgive the liberal poet, who preſumes
(His muſe, with awe, contracts her burniſhed plumes!)
On ground political to move with thee;
But this great criſis bids us all be free.
Would Fox for a wild horde of *Tartars* plead;
Who ſtill for freedom is prepared to bleed?

All

All maſks thoſe ſavages have thrown away;
Have now announced themſelves in open day.
Peace they deſpiſe; their trade is to annoy;
Deceit, and inſult, are a FRENCHMAN's joy!
To an old proverb *Punic faith* gave birth;
French faith be now the proverb, o'er the earth:
'Tis true, that faith was of notorious fame,
When all it's realms adored a monarch's name;
But then their court *politely* broke it's word;
Like gentlemen, whoſe honour is their ſword:
But now the low mechanicks of the land;
Thoſe chieftains, "of exceeding good command*;"
Unmoved with ſhame, advance the groſſeſt lie;
Callous to refutation's calm reply;
Or with ſome bold affront it's force defy:
Aſſume their kindred rabble's brutal airs;
And almoſt kick ambaſſadours down ſtairs.
Oh! cruel taſk, by Providence aſſigned,
To try a learned, poliſhed, candid mind;

* An expreſſion of SHAKESPEARE.

That mind oppoſed by artificial ſpheres,
To ignorance, and inſolence;—its peers!
May MALMESBURY deign attention to my lays;
And from no venal pen accept his praiſe!
Let from the ſcholar's mind a tribute flow;
And as a BRITON take the thanks I owe.
Oft with thy * father my enamoured youth
Wooed, in his groves ATHENIAN, beauteous Truth:
And as his comment on my ſpirit wrought,
The STAGYRITE more clearly met my thought;
The more I loved what god-like PLATO taught.
While thus I reaſoned with the good, and wiſe,
PHŒBUS, in June, too early left the ſkies!
The ſon is worthy to ſucceed the fire;
Thine is his virtue; thine his ATTIC fire:
Born to contraſt thyſelf, in wayward times,
With dire abettors of all human crimes;

* In this paſſage I allude to the works of the late celebrated JAMES HARRIS, Eſq. of Saliſbury; which I ſtudied with great pleaſure; and which are highly, and equally diſtinguiſhed by their learning; their elegance; and their zeal for virtue.

Born,

Born, as a BRITISH delegate, to ſhow
How far ingenuous dignity can go;
While by the FRENCH tranſactions was expreſſed
What baſeneſs can pollute the human breaſt.

Theſe are the pygmies, who, all-good, all-wiſe,
In their vain fancy, to old ROMANS riſe;
Theſe are the generous fathers of mankind,
Who promiſe that by ſome propitious wind,
Their Heaven-ſent fleets our coaſts, ere long, ſhall ſee;—
—They land; they conquer; and they make us free!
Who would not laugh, this impious boaſt to hear;
Did not it's *impious* nonſenſe wound our ear?
Say, ſince your monarch's death, ye vaunting elves,
What liberty have you enjoyed, yourſelves?
Now, nine long years in acting madly wrong
(Various, and dire events have made them long!)
You've paſſed: thus, from your revolution's date,
Crimes heaped on crimes have driven your headlong fate.

Thoſe

Thoſe years what deeds of genuine glory grace?
Bombaſt, and blood, and rapine fill the ſpace!
Eager, abroad, your neighbour's rights to ſeize;
At home, to trample on your own decrees;
Confuſion on confuſion you have hurled;
The PANDÆMONIUM of our upper world!

Not polity's mere elements *you* know;
Of order ignorant; to it's bliſs a foe!
Tell me:—with intellectual viſion ſtrong;
While a blind chaos whirls your ſtate ſo long;—
Tell me; with tranquil ſtudy have *you* ſeen,
What LOCKE, what MONTESQUIEU, what SYDNEY mean?
Have *you* the paths to the beſt ſcience trod;
By which a man participates his GOD?
Have you implored that GOD to dart a beam,
To light you through the complicated theme?
That mighty theme, whoſe bleſſings, as they flow,
Cheer, and exalt our being here below;
The theme that ſpreads fair plenty o'er a land;
While juſt obedience bows to juſt command;

That

That cheers the husband's labour; charms the wife;
And throws ELYSIUM round connubial life;
That, brought to action, fires all minds; all hearts;
Stirs all great passions; urges all fine arts;
To love of country, and to glory, wakes
The souls of DUNCANS, as the souls of DRAKES;
Excites the bard to energetick lays;
His dearest recompence, that country's praise:
Brings matchless orators to splendid day;
Gives PITT's, and FOX's genius, all their play!
That theme; that constitution, at this hour,
(Blest influence of her large, pervading power!)
That theme; that constitution now invites,
Intreats her FOX to plead her sacred rights;
She hopes, in the PALLADIUM of *his* mind,
For safety from the refuse of mankind;
Woos him his less ambition to forego;
And pour his greater on the common foe;
To grasp, in friendship, ENGLAND's whole expanse;
To feel nought hostile to his peace but FRANCE;
His BRITISH brother-lion proud to join;
And add new lustre to the fearless line:

She

She woos him ſtill to earn more high renown;
More vivid foliage for the patriot's crown.

Sage policy! how powerful is it's plan!
To his laſt excellence it brightens man!
It's complex operations ſteal along;
In ſilence, active; in gradation, ſtrong;
For ever verging to their parent-goal;
Their god-like aim; the welfare of the whole!

Ye ſtupid atheiſts! moves this fine machine
In *your* tumultuous, ſanguinary ſcene?
Make *you* it's laws your knowledge, or your care?
Murderers of all that's good, and wiſe, and fair!

Your nation with the farce of kingly power
At firſt you mocked; poor phantom of an hour!
No proper preſſure to that King you gave,
In the ſtate's weight;—a mere conſpicuous ſlave!
Stateſmen, unparalleled through every age!
Shall all your crudities diſgrace my page?

Councils; conventions; and aſſemblies loud;
Each, a mechanick, upſtart, bawling crowd;
Directories, more grave, and famous far;
Great in their nervous arguments for war!
Let me but ſkim theſe monſters in my ſtrains;
The ſhapeleſs progeny of moon-ſtruck brains.
No railing, this; men of diſcerning eye
Blunders in all your plans at once deſcry;
You work on no ſtrong baſe; your fabricks all,
As ſoon as reared, are tottering to their fall;
Soon (for no part ſupports; no part coheres)
They ſink, and craſh, and thunder round your ears.

From all the practice of your motley ſway,
Your *civil* juſtice bears the palm away.
When *honeſt* lawyers, whom all tyrants hate,
Pled for their clients, doomed to lawleſs fate;
When by *your* orders; by *your* forms they pled;
Anticipating vengeance marked them dead;
Your juſtice, like your axe, a mere machine;
And both were ſentenced to the guillotine!

But now their genius finds a ſtranger mode;
Their penal ſtatutes take a longer road.
Now, with the Deity theſe judges vie;
Now, with intuitive, omniſcient eye,
They ſee the traitor;—in ethereal minds,
A dull, cold proceſs no admiſſion finds;
Power ſelf-derived; power ſelf-informed commands;
And off he ſails to AFRIC's burning ſands.
This is MOROCCO's comprehenſive plan;—
—A model of the ALGERINE divan.
Theſe men have promiſed, on ſome genial day,
To cheer our darkened iſle with Freedom's ray;
Tranſcendent merit paſſed our own to make;
And ſpare our nation for their NEWTON's ſake.
Oh! hallowed, long; oh! venerable name!
Art thou diſhonoured by injurious fame!
Thy name ſhould ſtrike thoſe fiends with ſilent awe;
Saint of Religion's; prieſt of Nature's law!
Yet to theſe wretches muſt we go to ſchool,
To learn to flouriſh under equal rule!
Need I ſay more?—If more I had to ſay,
My ENGLISH feelings would impede it's way!

Let

Let theſe incentives, Fox, have all their force;
And ſhape, magnanimous, by *them*, thy courſe:
Give ill-timed * oppoſition to the wind;
And leave all party-ſpirit far behind.
Who would not act what millions will approve?
What gains it's author univerſal love?
Who would not, with ambition fraught, aſpire
To conduct which the coldeſt hearts admire?
Think of the ſummit of immortal fame;
And think of each illuſtrious ENGLISH name!
Perhaps, of BRITAIN ſome departed friend,
At times; may, now, thy ſilent thoughts attend;
Suggeſt that when the brighteſt glory calls,
In the great ſoul, ſelf-love defeated, falls;

* An unfair, or ſuperficial reaſoner may tell me, that Mr. Fox has relinquiſhed oppoſition to the Miniſter, by receding from Parliament. To *this* I reply, that we may be induſtrious to defeat a rival in many ways beſides that of immediate, perſonal conteſt;—that *negative* often operate more powerfully than *poſitive* hoſtilities;—that they ſhould never be adopted by *great* minds, becauſe they are the common warfare of the *meaneſt*;——and that as I highly reſpect Mr. Fox, I can never reflect on his retreat from his ſenatorial ſtation, at *this* time, without pain.

That ſuch a ſoul, clogged with no groſs allay,
Wings it's direct, and elevated way!
Let * HAMDEN's whiſper prompt the generous deed;
Let SYDNEY's hint illumine Virtue's meed;
And let not RUSSEL's aſpect tinge thy dreams
With clouds of ſorrow, but with heavenly gleams!

By minds of no deep thought, we all have heard
A propoſition haſtily averred;
That as the poſtdiluvian race of men
Sink to the grave, at threeſcore years and ten;
Riſe, flouriſh, and decay; then yield their breath;
Such is of empires, too, the life, and death:
They, in their infancy, and youth, proceed,
With every arduous; every glorious deed:
Matured, with great, and rival ſtates, they vie:—
Commerce, and luxury ſpread; they droop; they die.

* If CHARLES the Firſt was a tyrant (though I believe that he never *meant* to be a tyrant) we now have thouſands of tyrants to oppoſe.

This

This doctrine will not bear the teſt of truth;
A ſtate may hold interminable youth;
That ſtate, unlimited in age mature,
Againſt the worſt events may prove ſecure:
Frail man is made of one compacted frame;
And ſoon the grave muſt have it's awful claim:
But empires long may ward *their* fatal date;
Long may ſucceeding lives protract *their* fate.
Think what depends on *one* illuſtrious life:
Think how the THEBAN, with his martial ſtrife;
With all his virtues, all his talents, bleſſed;
Sprung, like an eagle, for his THEBES diſtreſſed;
Like JOVE's own lightning, darted on his prey;
And GREECE's palm imperial bore away!
But when divine EPAMINONDAS died,
His matchleſs worth no equal chief ſupplied;
Withered, at once, was all his country's bloom;
And THEBES, and HE, were buried in one tomb.
Great orators will die; great heroes bleed;
New heroes, and new orators ſucceed;
Apparent ruin at mankind is hurled;
Some ATLAS riſes, and he props the world!

So,

So, PITTS, and FOXES, ſtrong in virtuous will,
The ſpheres of our beſt anceſtors may fill;
May join the factious to their country's friends;
And as the ſocial maſs harmonious blends,
May breathe a flame impetuous through the whole;
And make a people, one, all-conquering ſoul.
Then, by the preſſing evils of the times;
Their indolence; corruption; luxury; crimes;
Slightly the purer paſſion is annoyed;
By *it's* afflatus is the nation buoyed;
It's heat theſe noxious vapours clears away;
As clouds diſperſe before the god of day.

Thus the Creator; thus the Lord of all,
Impreſſes, ever, and preſerves our ball;
* Works plaſtick nature, through her varied range;
And ſtimulates her powers, at every change;
Bids them their acts eſſential ſtill maintain;
And deluges, and earthquakes rage in vain.

* Mens agitat molem; et toto ſe corpore miſcet.—VIRGIL.

Mute

Mute be the croaking prophets of the day;
Creating danger; raiſing vain diſmay,
Whene'er a ſpeck of publick ill appears;—
FRENCH, in their hopes; or *female*, in their fears!

As on it's ſolid baſe our empire ſtands;
And all it's forces * unimpaired commands;
Let us, if we peruſe grave hiſtory's page,
To dignify this world's inferior ſtage,
Adopt examples from a better age.
While yet unſhaken, let us learn from ROME
Of ancient fame, to ſpurn a ſervile doom;
Or ſhould our ſea-girt iſle *her* danger ſhare;
Her let us emulate, and ſpurn deſpair.
True to itſelf, the greatly conſcious ſoul
No petty ſmiles, nor petty frowns controul;
When the worſt ills aſſail, it's conflicts riſe;
From firmneſs, and the juſtice of the ſkies,

* I here anticipate the cavil, and the puny triumph of democratical ignorance. So long as any ſtate can provide the neceſſary ſupplies of war, and, at the ſame time, preſerve it's national health, and vigour; *the forces of that ſtate are unimpaired.*

It ſtill anticipates complete relief,
In all the majeſty of ROMAN grief.

When dreadful ANNIBAL; ſtupendous foe!
Fearleſs of ALPINE heights; of ALPINE ſnow;
Thoſe heights had paſſed; he poured, along the plains,
A furious tide of war on ROME's domains!
Genius; the love of fame; of ROME the hate,
Wrought all the ſplendour of this hero's fate;
No bounds to glorious deeds hath heaven aſſigned,
When three ſuch powerful engines move the mind.
Firſt at TICINUM were his rapid arms
Victorious; and through LATIUM ſpread alarms;
The frighted river rolled a purple flood;
Great Po, with horrour, felt the generous blood.
Still AFRIC's lion the proud eagle tore;
And TREBIA's ſtream was red with ROMAN gore.

Almoſt with filial grief the claſſick muſe
The lake, the hills of TRASIMENUS views!

PATAVIUM's glory; how *thy* page divine
Makes ROMAN valour in misfortune ſhine!
Nature, with ſqualid mien, predicts the fray;
She ſends a gloomy, dank, and weeping day;
The realms of ITALY with earthquakes reel;
Which all but the contending armies feel;
Divine, and human rage, at once, are hurled;
And JOVE, and ANNIBAL divide the world.
Sickly, through Nature's horrours, gleams the ſun;
Carnage completes the ſcene which *they* begun.

Of common minds the fortitude is leſs,
As deeper ſwells the climax of diſtreſs:
Not ſo the ROMANS; even to CANNÆ's field
Their unſubmitting ſpirit ſcorned to yield.
A heavier chain of woes can hiſtory tell?——
—At CANNÆ fifty thouſand Romans fell!
The rapid AUFIDUS was near the plain;
The melancholy tidings of the ſlain
He rolled, in blood PATRICIAN, to the main!
How imminent was, now, the ROMAN doom!
The conquerour, but an eaſy march from ROME!

And what a conquerour! ſay, can hiſtory ſhow
So great a people matched with ſuch a foe?
Curſe on *my* lays, if ever they refuſe
Praiſe to the man who ſhades my favourite views;
In whom the world admires the real charms
Of genius, or in letters, or in arms;
If, though conſpicuous gallantry prevail,
I tell DE WINTER's cold, DUTCH, envious tale!
But the FRENCH CORSICAN will FRANCE oppoſe,
Though wild her gaſconading rhetorick flows,
With feeble modern ITALY o'errun;
Nay, with his trophies even from AUSTRIA won;——
—Will ſhe oppoſe him to AMILCAR's ſon?

Let me, with ardour, following glory's call,
View ROME's conſummate greatneſs in her fall.
When from his favourites JOVE awhile withdrew;
And turned to CARTHAGE, with propitious view;
Evils oppreſſed; but ſtill the ROMAN roſe;
Humane, in triumphs, and auguſt, in woes:
When CANNÆ's field to freſh alarms gave birth;
And ſhook thoſe energies that ſhook the earth;

When

When plans were offered, in a warm debate,
Unequal to the high decrees of fate;
To court renown, like ſons of Rome, no more;
To breathe ignobly, on ſome foreign ſhore;
The youthful * Scipio drew his flaming ſword;
Worthy companion of each fiery word!
The deſtined ſaviour of his country ſwore
By Jove, who had protected Rome before,
That all who heard him ſhould reſiſt the foe;
That valour ſtill might ward the fatal blow;
That ſtrength, and honour were reſerved for Rome,
Of long duration; of perpetual bloom:
"If one man here ſhrinks from his country's good,
"My vengeful blade ſhall ſeek the daſtard's blood!"
His oath with patriot hearts his audience feel;
Awed leſs by Annibal's than Scipio's ſteel.

But not alone thus acted Scipio's ſoul;
The ſame intrepid thoughts inſpired the whole.

* See Note A, at the end.

When * VARRO to the capital returned;
Whoſe valour had with warmth deſtructive burned;
All orders in proceſſion met the chief;
Eager to pour into his mind relief;
Thanked him for bravely bearing Fate's harſh doom;
" For not deſpairing of imperial ROME!"
What was the conſequence?—ROME's empire roſe
On the vaſt ruins of her PUNIC foes;
Great deeds achieved; and greater ſtill deſigned;
For preſſure but new-ſprings the generous mind;
As gold by VULCAN's torture is refined.

Even in the fierceſt war is BRITAIN bleſſed;
With no deſtructive ravages diſtreſſed;
Even now her ſons are not compelled to ceaſe
The ſweet employments, and the joys of peace:
Environed with tranquillity, the ſwain
Rears the new hay; and reaps the golden grain;
Commerce with uſual vigour ſpreads her ſails;
And ENGLAND's fortune ſends auſpicious gales:

* See Note B, at the end.

From

From human bliſs no ſounds diſcordant jar,
But Faction's clamour, with it's wordy war.
What moſt we value; property; law; life;
From all the horrours of the martial ſtrife,
Nature, and man, alike, with *us* defend;
—Their generous efforts let us all befriend.
No BUONAPARTES in our iſle ſhall rage;
No dreadful PUNIC war have *we* to wage;
The god of ocean ever guards *our* ſhore;
His waves, and *our* victorious cannon roar;
Still we poſſeſs our old internal powers;
And ENGLISH wealth, and hearts, and hands are ours.

Then, let each honeſt man diſmiſs his fears;
Let every timorous woman dry her tears:
And *you*, domeſtick enemies, who ſpread,
With ſouls malignant, artificial dread;
Let phantoms court you to ſome foreign ſtrand;
And quit, too good for *you*, your native land.

When FRANCE imperial dignity maintained;
When LOUIS' fortune, and her COLBERT reigned;

When

When female charms, and female wit inſpired;
And all that ſplendour with their ether fired;
Her threats; her force, if we could *then* diſdain;
Of FRANCE *degenerate* ſhall we bear the chain?
Shall *we*, to ENGLISH fame no longer true,
Stoop to a vile, marauding, ruffian crew?
Shall ENGLISH talents their protection owe
To DE LA CROIX; to MONGE, and to LEPAUX?
Shall GALLIA's hireling chief *theſe* realms command;
Diſſolve our ſenate, and * divide our land?
Is any price enormous that we pay
To quell the tempeſt of chaotick ſway?

* Their civil, are analogous to their penal laws. BUONAPARTE who is a general, affects to be a ſtateſman, too, without a particle of political knowledge; indeed, all that he writes, is in the peremptory, oſtentatious, empty manner of that nation of which he has the honour to be the firſt lawleſs MYRMIDON. He adviſes his LIGURIAN republick to divide their ſtate into ten military departments; each of them is to be commanded by an officer of the line: by this inſtitution, adds the SOLON of FRANCE, you will be ſure of an accurate adminiſtration of juſtice. I hope that this CORSICAN DRACO will never have it in his power to eſtabliſh his ſimple, conciſe, and ſalutary code, in ENGLAND.

No;

No;—if, at eaſe we draw not BRITISH breath;
We'll court a glorious poverty, or death.

***

There are incentives in the roll of fate;
Which, in colliſion with a mighty ſtate,
Would ſo ſtrike fire;—ſuch talents would ſhoot forth;
Such emulation; ſuch exerted worth;
That were it's conſtitution in decline;
With all it's ancient luſtre it would ſhine.
My COUNTRY! juſtly every BRITON's pride;
Where FREEDOM ſtill is anxious to reſide;
Becauſe, conſtrained from other lands to flee,
She found her walls of adamant in thee!
Great patroneſs of man's eternal cauſe;
His mild religion, and his equal laws!
From diſtant ages Providence's care;
Parent of gallant ſons, and daughters fair!
Where, in the cultivated rural ſcene,
CERES, and FLORA wear their brighteſt mien!
And where, in ſocial elegance are joined
The charms of perſon, and the charms of mind:

Of ſage philoſophers a numerous train;
Of men moſt powerful in poetick ſtrain!
Should human excellence our ſearch engage,
In recollecting down, from age to age;
While memory travels, too, from pole to pole;
The firſt achievements of the human ſoul,
Great Queen of Iſlands, we ſhall find in thee;
Divine at land, and terrible at ſea!
Since EUROPE, now, her arbitreſs reveres;
And looks to thee, with mingled hopes, and fears;
Of all the deeds that BRITISH annals praiſe,
From virtuous ALFRED's down to GEORGE's days;
When thou muſt act the moſt diſtinguiſhed part;
When all thy glories preſs upon my heart;
When with emphatick voice thy honour calls;
Accept the verſe that flows; the tear that falls!

Sons of the men, whom times remoter ſaw
Their conquering ſwords againſt oppreſſion draw;
With hearts elate, and ſteddy march advance,
To the pale lilies of their trembling FRANCE;

Of

Oft taught to bleed; but never taught to fly;
Reſolve, once more, to conquer, or to die!
Oh! give not peerleſs beauty; ſtrongeſt mind,
To the declared aſſaſſins of mankind!
Make no mean peace with monſters that retain
Nought faithful; nought religious; nought humane:
Againſt our univerſe *their* threats are hurled;
Defend yourſelves; and you defend the world!

Never deſert the man who rules our helm;
Whom furious ſurges cannot overwhelm:
Reſolved, while truſted with BRITANNIA's weal,
For *this*, alone, to think; for *this*, to feel;
This, the great ſource, and end of all his cares;
And ſtill, intrepid, to this point he bears.
Revered example more inflames the ſon,
To earn ſuch honours as his father won;
Who, haply darts a fond, paternal eye,
Sent, with a ſmile approving, from the ſky!

For *me*; while in calm ſolitude I view
Thee, to thyſelf, on every trial, true;

To ENGLAND true; I feel; or ſeem to feel,
Through all my frame the fine contagion ſteal;
I feel the natural, ardent paſſion riſe,
To gain my country's praiſe; the poet's prize;
Next, kindling Fancy views the threatened ſtorm;
Then fired by thee, a bolder wiſh I form;
By thy commanding genius borne along,
To act, in conduct, what I praiſe, in ſong!

Still magnanimity and candour join;
Then ſurely both the properties are thine:
Let not that magnanimity refuſe
The grateful verſe of an ingenuous muſe;
" Who ſhades thy" high, meridian " walk with
bays;"
" No hireling, ſhe; no proſtitute to praiſe;"
" Through" Faction's fog " one truly great can
ſee;"
Worthy to rouſe the brave; and guide the free.

O! THOU! at whoſe benign, all-powerful call,
Up ſprung, from chaos, our ſtupendous ball;

And

And who, from tumult, ſtill, of field, or flood,
From preſent ill educeſt greater good;
Propitious, hear thy humble ſuppliant's prayer;
Is not thy creature his CREATOR's care!
Sufficient influence of thy Spirit give;
That in the little ſpace I now can live,
Each hour I may reſpect; and thus atone
For all my wrongs from others; and my own!
Oh! let my common, meaner wants, be few;
My mental treaſures, various, rich, and new;
Then ſhall my nature for itſelf ſuffice;
Perpetual flux, and reflux of ſupplies:
Old years in renovated youth ſhall roll;
Well ſtrung my nerves of body, and of ſoul.
Temperance my ſyſtem will exalt, at home;
A wanderer, abroad I need not roam;
Of a precarious world my life the ſport;
Toſſed on the waves of caprice for ſupport!

As INDEPENDENCE, even unarmed with power,
Speaks, writes the truth; whatever dangers lower;

Snares to it's weal as foes in ambuſh lay;
And poor, pretended Friendſhip ſneaks away;
Teach me, by virtuous diſcipline, to find
A comprehenſive kingdom, in my * mind;
There, with ſerene, yet with deſpotick reign,
To guard the ſmall, but well-improved domain!

Concentered, then, with more effectual force,
My faculties will hold their deſtined courſe;
Will execute their duties here below;
To all *thy* foes, an active, ardent foe:
But mounting above Nature's works, they'll flee,
Still with the greateſt energy, to THEE!

And as the raptures of the poet riſe
Above the † pleaſures of the good, and wiſe;

* In proportion as a *created being*, in *any* mode of it's exiſting, or acting, reſembles the SUPREME BEING; (though, at the beſt, in an inſignificant *comparative* degree,) the general happineſs of that being is augmented. Now, the Supreme Being is pure mind; he is all, MIND.

† Here I refer to the immediate degree of impulſe and impreſſion. God forbid that I ſhould inſinuate that, in the amount of life, it is better to be a poet than a truly wiſe, and virtuous man.

Good-

Goodneſs, and wiſdom, too, as *he* can teach
With greater emphaſis than SHERLOCKS preach;
Let poetry ſtill bleſs thy ſuppliant's views;—
It's beauteous images; it's vivid hues;
It's fire celeſtial; all-ſufficient ſtore!
Kings; emperours; none but THOU, can give us more!
And while the groſſer lumps of mortals lie,
(A living death!) in EPICURUS' ſty;
To ruin's gloom while meteors draw the vain;
While Avarice petrifies *her* ſhivering train;
Grant *me*, with pure, and ſtrong PARNASSIAN ray,
To float, and wanton, in the blaze of day!

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE A; *referring to a Paſſage in Page 47.*

AFTER the defeat at CANNÆ, ſome ROMANS of diſtinguiſhed rank fled to CANUSIUM. The famous SCIPIO, then a youth, was of the number. While he, and ſome of his friends were conſulting there, in conſequence of the melancholy cataſtrophe, PUBLIUS PHILUS came, and told them, that "their conſultation was ſuperfluous; that "the commonwealth was irrecoverably ruined; and that "METELLUS, with others of the young nobility, had deter-"mined to ſail from ITALY, and to ſeek the protection of ſome "powerful king."—Quod malum (the paſſage well deſerves to be quoted) præterquam quod atrox, ſuper tot clades etiam novum, cum ſtupore, ac miraculo, torpidos defixiſſet; et qui aderant, concilium advocandum de eo cenſerent: negat concilii rem eſſe SCIPIO, juvenis fatalis dux hujuſce belli: "audendum, atque agendum; non conſultandum," ait, "in tanto malo eſſe; irent ſecum, extemplo, armati, qui rem-"publicam ſalvam vellent: nunquam verius quam ubi ea "cogitentur, hoſtium caſtra eſſe."—Pergit deinde, ire, ſequentibus paucis, in hoſpitium METELLI; et quum con-

cilium

cilium ibi juvenum, de quibus allatum erat, inveniſſet; ſtricto ſuper capita conſultantium gladio;—" Ex mei animi ſen-
" tentiâ," inquit, " juro, ut ego rempublicam non deſeram;
" nec alium civem ROMANUM deſerere patiar. Si ſciens fallo,
" tum *me* JUPITER OPTIME MAXIME; domum, fami-
" liam, remque meam, peſſimo leto afficias! In hæc verba
" L. CÆCILI, jures poſtulo, cæterique qui adeſtis: qui non
" juraverit, in ſe hunc gladium ſtrictum eſſe ſciat."—Haud ſecus pavidi quam ſi victorem ANNIBALEM cernerent, jurant omnes; cuſtodiendoſque ſemetipſos contra ANNIBALEM SCIPIONI tradunt.—LIVY, Lib. XXII. Sect. 53.

" This new, and great calamity, immediately ſucceeding
" ſo many dreadful misfortunes, ſtruck thoſe who heard it,
" with aſtoniſhment, and with aggravated mortification.
" They propoſed that a council ſhould be called, to deliberate,
" and reſolve, on this intelligence. SCIPIO, the young hero
" who was deſtined to be the leader of this war, replied, that
" it was abſurd to talk of deliberating.—' In a ſituation
" like this,' added he, ' we muſt not indolently conſult; we
" muſt dare, and we muſt act. Let thoſe who are intereſted
" in the welfare of the republick, follow *me*, with their arms:
" the place where ſuch ignoble determinations are formed, is
" the camp of the enemy.'—Accompanied by a few, he
" went immediately to the lodgings of METELLUS. He
" there found the young men of whoſe intention he had been
" informed, planning their voyage. He drew his ſword;
" raiſed it in a menacing manner; and thus addreſſed them:
" ' I ſwear,

" ' I ſwear, from the moſt fervent ſentiments of my ſoul, that " I will never deſert the republick; nor ſuffer any ROMAN " citizen to deſert her. If I conſciouſly deviate from what I " ſwear, mayeſt thou, O! juſt, and omnipotent JUPITER, " deſtroy *me*; my houſe; my family; and all that I poſſeſs, " with a terrible, and exemplary ruin. I inſiſt that *you*, " METELLUS, and that your friends who are with you, " ſhall take this oath. This ſword is drawn on the man who " refuſes to take it.'—Not leſs awed than if they had ſeen " the victorious CARTHAGINIAN, they all ſwore; and ſur- " rendered themſelves to the cuſtody of SCIPIO; to fight " againſt ANNIBAL."

The eloquence, and the firmneſs of Mr. PITT, devoted to the moſt glorious cauſe that can animate the mind of man, ſhould have the powerful influence of the ſword of SCIPIO; it ſhould tranſmute fear into courage; and democratical virulence into conſtitutional loyalty.

NOTE B, *referring to a Paſſage in Page* 48.

WE are told by the firſt of hiſtorians, whoſe dignity of genius was worthy to write the annals of his country, that immediately after the battle of CANNÆ, moſt of the ITALIAN ſtates; the GRECIAN colonies who had ſettled in ITALY; and CISALPINE GAUL, deſerted to the CARTHAGINIANS.—Nec tamen hæ clades, defectioneſque ſociorum,

moverunt ut pacis unquam mentio apud ROMANOS fieret; neque ante conſulis ROMANI adventum, nec poſtquam is rediit, renovavitque memoriam acceptæ cladis. Quo in tempore ipſo, adeo magno animo civitas fuit, ut conſuli ex tantâ clade, cujus ipſe magna cauſa fuiſſet, redeunti, et obviam itum frequenter ab omnibus ordinibus ſit; et gratiæ actæ, *quod de republicâ non deſperaſſet:* cui, ſi CARTHAGINIENSIUM ductor fuiſſet, nihil recuſandum ſupplicii foret.—LIVY, Lib. XXII. Sect. 61.

"But neither the great victories of the enemy, nor the "numerous defections of our allies ever extorted from the "ROMANS the ſlighteſt mention of peace: it was not men- "tioned before the return of the conſul; nor after his return "had renewed the image of our calamity. ROME was even "animated with ſo great a publick ſoul, that her citizens, of "all ranks, went out, in crowds, to meet a conſul, returning "from a moſt humiliating defeat, of which he himſelf had "been the principal cauſe: and to that conſul they gave their "thanks; *becauſe he had not deſpaired of the commonwealth.* "With ſuch honours they received this unfortunate general; "who, if he had been a CARTHAGINIAN commander, "muſt have anticipated an ignominious, and cruel death."

ENGLAND was far from being reduced to the condition of ROME, when ſhe repeatedly ſent a plenipotentiary to FRANCE. Our miniſter muſt have known what was obvious to common ſenſe; that we could expect no pacifick terms, in *any* degree reaſon-

reaſonable, from ſanguinary enemies; inſolent by nature, and by habit, and intoxicated with ſucceſs. But in *his* particular ſituation, he was under the mortifying neceſſity of being obliged to deſcend from his good judgement, and proper ſpirit; to reſiſt the clamours of our internal foes;—ſome of whom, I fear, have been actuated, and impelled, by mean, and perſonal, when they ſhould have been animated and inflamed with noble, and national, pride; or, in other words, with publick ſpirit; with publick virtue. To *them* we are indebted for our late degrading; diſgraceful; and unavailing conceſſions to FRANCE.

The laſt quoted paſſage from LIVY (not equalled, perhaps, in the hiſtory of the world) which relates the reception that the ROMANS gave to their conſul, returning from his terrible defeat, admits no comment; no illuſtration; it contains in itſelf ſuch magnificent, and energetical expreſſion of magnanimity the moſt determined, and the moſt ſublime.

FINIS.

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